

WINTER REGENERATION for HOUSEWIVES



THE canny householder laid in his winter's coal last June. He will expatiate to you, if you have patience to hear an hour's narrative, upon the prudence of the measure.

Coal is cheaper in what is the dull season with the collier.

Our sagacious economist has saved a dollar a ton some years. Not much, he grants, but still enough to make it worth a man's while to have his coal cellar cleaned out and re-filled before Mrs. Improvident and Mr. Short-purse awake to the hard fact that winter is upon us, and fuel on the rapid rise.

Mr. Wiseman is right, as usual, where the judicious expenditure of dollars and cents is involved.

Leaving fuel and coal out of the question, how many of us who read this page are as long-sighted with regard to a matter of more moment?

The housemother who has had no let-up on the daily grind of stated duties all summer long is in the same plight with Mr. Short-purse, who never gets a chance to lay up enough

above the priggish ant who shut the door in the face of the shivering, bedraggled creature on the first stormy day of the autumn.

As a child I hated that ant!

I was sure, with a rising lump in my throat, that I should have taken her in and been glad to eat a little less myself, for the sake of the content I should find in the sight of her enjoyment of the food I had worked to store.

I own to a like feeling now in pondering upon the evil case of her to whom has been denied the opportunity to build up nervous, brain, and muscular tissues while her fellows were out of harness for a week or two, a month or three.

I would hold converse today with the woman who has had no outing during the outing season; the housemother whom stern circumstance of some sort has kept at home and at work when her neighbors were recruiting for the winter's campaign.

We know the symptoms of her condition but too well.

She has lost appetite, flesh, color and, as she laments, "ambition."

That is the word used by women the all-the-year-round working classes to describe the general good-for-nothingness richer women's doctors diagnose as "the verge of nervous prostration."

She cannot sleep, and she must work.

It is too late now to talk of change of air, even if the money were forthcoming.

DON'T!

The prefatory and the strongest word I have for Martha is—don't! I reiterate it with a double-breasted vim. The only wise way is to set about building up the tissues worn to thin filaments, vibrating like an eolian harpwire at every breath.

Make a change of air and scene for yourself.

Register a vow, and keep it, to have

be a matter of life and death. Even then, let it hide a wee. This is an affair of life or death to you, if you did but know the truth.

Go to your room and lock the door. The sound of the bolt will begin the business you are bent upon. Undress, and let down your hair. "Make believe very hard" that you are unbound and free for an indefinite period.

Comb the loosened hair and rub the back of your neck, and up and down in the hollows behind the ears. Seat yourself in the easiest chair in the room, and put your feet upon a stool almost as high as the chair. Upon this I insist.

Men comprehend the philosophy of "putting the feet up." It relieves the weight dragging hard upon the spinal column—the seat of the crucified nerves that are making life not worth living to you. Exchange your shoes for a pair of soft low slippers.

These preparations completed, lie

back in the chair and read a novel. Nothing exciting or bordering upon the tragic. Above all, nothing that deals with the vexing problems of sociology.

Select a bright, optimistic story that

will amuse, without setting you to thinking of the perplexities and pains of mortal life.

I hope you are fond of apples? If you are, eat one or half a dozen while you read.

They are distinctly sedative and a gentle purgative, containing more phosphates than any other food in proportion to its weight.

Brain and digestion are built up by the free use of this kind of fruits. After reading half an hour, lie down in a dark room for the sole and express purpose of going to sleep.

Put matters of personal interest clean out of your head. That is the object of the pleasant story. Get into that, and away from yourself. From

my babyhood I have wooed slumber by, fancying myself one of the characters in the book I have been reading at bedtime.

It is a lulling fiction of the imagination.

And imagination is what you are in need of at present.

You have had too much of the hard, actual world.

You are suffering from grinding monotony. Sleep twenty minutes—not more. Fifteen suffice to loosen the tension of the spinal screw in the back of the neck. Physiologists tell me there is no screw there.

You and I know better.

We can shut our eyes and see the thread of the dreadful thing; we feel

it amuse, without setting you to thinking of the perplexities and pains of mortal life.

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Do Not Let Rain Keep You Indoors

Brushing the Hair is Soothing



Take an Interest in Your Clothes

Restful Massage Movement

Now, Isn't This Awful? Cheating Killing Bridge!

IF THREE is anything calculated to hasten the approaching decline of bridge as a social favorite it is the increase in the number of players who indulge in practices which are distinctly unfair.

In a man's club they have not only the power but also the will to put a stop to anything of this kind. Of course, they do it nicely and without any fuss.

A member notices something suspicious and speaks of it quietly to a friend. The latter watches and confirms the fears of the first. Then a third is taken into their confidence, and finally they bring the matter to the attention of one of the board of governors in a tentative way, as if it were perhaps all a mistake, but curious.

After a little investigation one of the club servants is quietly directed to tell Mr. So-and-So the next time he comes to the door that his resignation has been accepted and that he is no longer a member.

"It is a standard joke in insurance circles," he remarked, "that many persons denied insurance are thereby led to reform their habits, and often act as pallbearers to physicians who refused them policies."

"One notable feature of this regimen is the absence of systematic training of any kind," he continued. "The nutritive economy to which the body becomes habituated keeps the body normally and comfortably in a condition which may be described as 'being in training.' Exercise is desirable, but it should be the result of an overflow of energy, the same as it is in children, and not perfunctory merely to burn up excess food material in the body."

Mr. Fletcher is not an advocate of diet fads, but says slow chewing brings desire for cereals, vegetables, and sweets. He thinks meat, as it is ordinarily eaten, is difficult of assimilation.

The original "slow eater" counsels against heated discussions at breakfast and worry about bills. He considers twenty-seven minutes long enough for an Epicurean meal. When undergoing tests at Yale, he had two meals daily, consisting of a cereal, maple sugar, and milk, which cost him ten cents a day. He has lived at the Waldorf-Astoria one dollar a day.

By his new method Mr. Fletcher declares he has overcome obesity and is as young at fifty-eight as in youth. He says health, endurance, and general efficiency are questions of physiological nutrition and mental calm, and appreciation.

One of the favorite tricks when the game is pivot bridge is for four friends to arrange their own table and to agree that they will double and redouble everything, no matter what the declaration may be, so that at least one person at the table shall have a tremendous score. The result is practically the same as if the trick values were 8, 16, 24, 32 and 48, instead of the ordinary series of 2, 4, 6, 8, and 12.

In a recent game at which the play lasted only two hours the winner un-

blushingly presented a card which showed she was more than 14,000 points plus. In order to even things up among themselves, the same four will go to another party, at which some other member of the quartet will make top score.

When there are not enough to make up a table two playing as partners will frequently take advantage of their opponents in ways against which there is really no defense. While one deals the cards her partner picks up her hand as fast as the cards are given to her, and almost before the dealer has time to sort her hand dummy asks sweetly:

"Did you leave it to me, dear?"

"Yes, dear."

"No trumps."

If the question is not asked, but the cards are held in the hand, dummy is not anxious to make it, but has a trick or two. If the dummy lays down her cards there is nothing in them.

Dummy can do a great many unfair things to which it is difficult to take exceptions, because of the ready excuse that the player was mistaken, that is all. But some things are beyond the capacity of women half so much as playing for a prize. The things that otherwise respectable and highly moral women will stoop to for the sake of winning a prize tournament are simply astounding.

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Actresses Who Are "Miss" and "Mrs."

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

Dorothy Morton, Mrs. Frederick Con-

ger. Mrs. Mudge, Mrs. Sanford Le Roy

Agnes Muir, Mrs. Dustin Farnum.

Edith Murilla, Mrs. Walter Sanford.

Evelyn Florence Nesbit, Mrs. Harry

Kendall Shaw. Dorothy Neville, Mrs. Robert E.

Moore. Frances Newhall, Mrs. David Landau.

Blanche Nichols, Mrs. Will H. Mur-

phy. Nellie V. Nichols, Mrs. E. C. Al-

bertson. Mabel Norton, Mrs. Edgar Mackay.

Margie Nugent, Mrs. William Jerome.

Jane Oaker, Mrs. Hale Hamilton.

Margaret O'Donovan, Mrs. Chaucer

Quillott. Channez Olney, Mrs. Henry Koker.

Gertrude O'Malley, Mrs. William B.

Mack. Anne O'Neill, Mrs. Allen M. Thomas.

Nellie O'Neill, Mrs. Charles Guyer.

Julie Opp, Mrs. William Faversham.

Louise Orendorf, Mrs. Richard

Buhler. Olga Orloff, Mrs. George Hale.

Kathryn Ostermann, Mrs. J. J. Ros-

enthal. Edith Ostlere, Mrs. Gayer Mackay.

La Belle Otero, Mrs. Rene Webb.

Elita Proctor Oles, Mrs. William Car-

pentier Camp. Clara Palmer, Mrs. Jacques Kruger.

Ethelwynne Palmer, Mrs. Carlyle

Black. Ida May Park, Mrs. Joseph J. de

Grasse. Flora Parker, Mrs. Carter de Haven.

Paula Patterson, Mrs. Clement Hopkins.

Nan Patterson, Mrs. Leon Martin.

Adeline Pearl, Baroness Cederstrom.

Kate Pattison, Mrs. Morton Sellen.

Catherine Peart, Mrs. Eddie Redway.

Ruth Peebles, Mrs. Ivar Anderson.

Carrie E. Perkins, Mrs. W. Wallace

Black. Alfa Perry, Mrs. Harry D. Byers.

Irene Perry, Mrs. Harvey Wilson Bell.

Sarah Perry, Mrs. Stephen Stannard.

Edna Phillips, Mrs. Taylor Holmes.

Helen Phillips, Mrs. Charles E. Ev-

ans. Mabel Power, Mrs. Sydney Scarrett.

Reulah Poynter, Mrs. Burton S. Nixon.

Ilma Pratt, Mrs. Henry W. Catlin.

Helen Prindle, Mrs. George Fran-

Florence Roberts, Mrs. Lewis Mor-

risson. Madge Robertson, Mrs. W. H. Ken-

dal. May Robson, Mrs. Dr. A. H. Brown.

Ray Rockman, Mrs. Frank Graham.

Jessamine Rogers, Mrs. Frederick Rock.

Elsie Romayne, Mrs. Frank McCor-

mack. Patti Rosa, Mrs. Fairfax Crosby.

Virginia Ross, Mrs. E. J. Connolly.

Nina Rudolph, Mrs. Jefferson J.

Groves. Angela Russell, Mrs. J. Wesley Ro-

senquist. Annie Russell, Mrs. Oswald Yorke.

Hattie Russell, Mrs. R. Fulton Rus-

sell. Leah Russell, Mrs. William Pickings.

Marie Rooth Russell, Mrs. Robert E.

Manell. Elsa Ryan, Mrs. Ambrose Miller.

Mary Ryan, Mrs. Samuel Forrest.

Josephine Sabel, Mrs. David Sabel.

Sue St. John, Mrs. M. S. Beithman.

Margaret St. John, Mrs. Wood.

Mildred St. Pierre, Mrs. Walter

Walker. Lela Salini, Mrs. Willie Pantzer.

Helen Sallinger, Mrs. Harry Hanlon.

Suzanne Santile, Mrs. Edward Marsh.

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